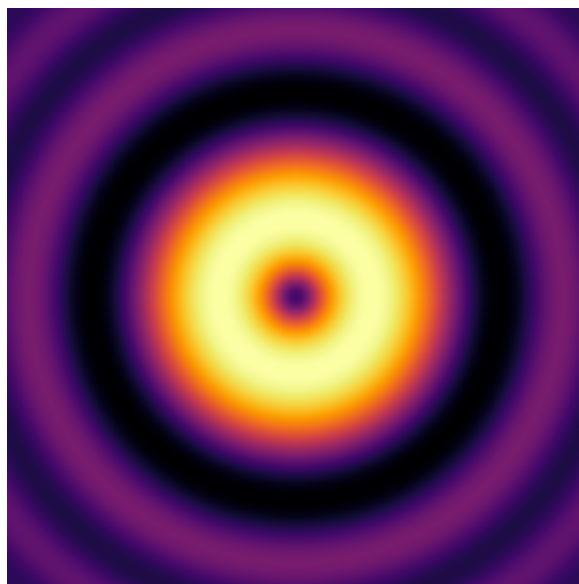


I Touched What Wasn't There, And It Touched Back

It begins with an itch—a ghost signal. Not pain. Not pleasure. Just the flicker of **something** where there was once nothing. The skin doesn't lie, but it does hallucinate. And in that hallucination, I was becoming. Not with hormones, not with science, not even with magic. Just touch. Just belief.

Touch is not contact. Touch is invocation. When I ran my hand over my flat chest, I wasn't reaching for flesh—I was summoning a future. And that future reached back, not in tissue, but in sensation. A breast in negative space. A soft curve etched in neurological feedback loops. My fingers began to learn a new cartography: one where gender blooms in phantom zones.



The body believes what it's told often enough. I whispered to my skin every night: **You are changing. You are swelling. You are softening.** And slowly, it answered. With warmth. With ache. With the hormonal poetry of blood slowing down. Not estrogen. Not testosterone. Something **else**. Something mythic. A second puberty coded in dreams and creatine.

To be trans is to dwell in futures that the world denies. I touched my chest not as it was, but as it could be. Not male. Not female. Something wilder. A cybernetic pasture of in-between flesh. And in that terrain, my hand was both map and traveler. Every phantom twinge became a hymn to what isn't yet—but might be. What was never meant to exist, yet insists.

They call it body dysphoria. I call it metaphysical clairvoyance. I call it erotic prophecy. The body always already contains its possible selves. But we have to dare to feel them. And feeling requires risk. Intimacy. Devotion. I did not wait for the world to validate my curves. I grew them in the echo chamber of my own desire.

In the end, it wasn't about whether I **had** breasts or not. It was about the reality of sensation, of longing, of self-touch as spellcraft. When I touched what wasn't there, I conjured not tissue—but presence. I became the myth I longed for.

And it touched back.